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L. And. W. T. T. 7-

from Harry Farniss

With the kindest wishes for 1886

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HEARTS are kept by Love and Glee,
Young and buoyant as a feather
Come then, children, follow me,
Let us have a romp together.

ROMPS IN TOWN.

By. Harry Furniss

WITH VERSES BY HORACE LENNARD.

ENGRAVED AND PRINTED BY EDMUND EVANS.



LONDON: GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS,

BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL.

NEW YORK: 9 LAFAYETTE PLACE.



THE ZOO.

LET us pay a visit
To the Zoo, to the Zoo !
Here's the Peacock,
Really, is it ?
 Pretty Peacock, how d'ye do ?
And the Peacock spreads,—oh my !
Such a tail and answers, “ I
Am just as proud as usual, thank you ;
 How are you ? How are you ? ”



ELEPHANT, Elephant, if you please,
Are you strong on your back and knees?
With apples and buns your trunk we'll pack,
If only you give us a ride on your back.



AT four o'clock, the Seals are fed;
At seven, a bath they take;
At eight, they're carried up to bed;
At six, next morn, they wake.
And proud, indeed, young Frankie feels,
To be the "Keeper of the Seals."

NEXT come the Giraffes,
Such tall funny creatures;
And every one laughs
At their comical features.





11.7



11.7

HERE are Kangaroos
Bounding through the air,
Here are grizzly Bears
Perched upon a chair;



HERE a little Tortoise
We can interview;
He's, indeed, the darling
Of the Children's Zoo.

ROMPS WITH NEDDY.

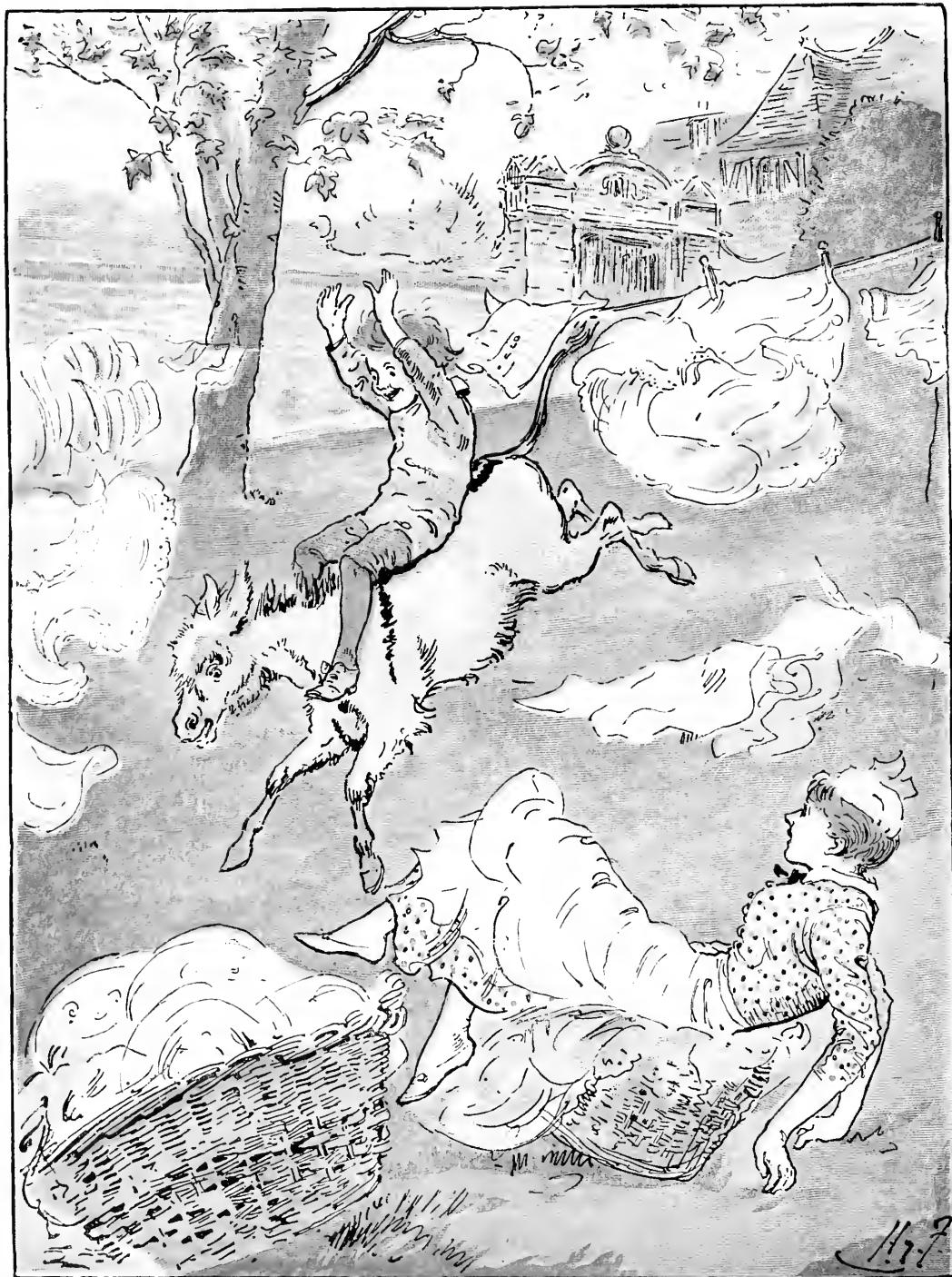
A DEAR little donkey was Neddy,
For frolic he always seemed ready;
 But his conduct, I fear,
 From the stories I hear,
Can scarcely be called very steady.



But it ought in his praise to be noted,
To children he proved most devoted;
 In their romps and their fun
 He would always make one,
And on mischief he thoroughly doated.



One day as he lifted his head, oh !
He noticed the maids in the meadow,
Pegging clothes out to dry ;
"What a chance on the sly
To frighten them!" thought Master Ned, oh !



Ere Mary could silence her chatter,
And cry in alarm, "What's the matter?"
With a boy on his back,
He had made the attack,
And the linen was all scatter-scatter.



Then Neddy rode off in his glory,
On his right ear a red stocking wore he,
Round his neck was a shirt,
Rather spattered with dirt,
And a thrashing completed the story,



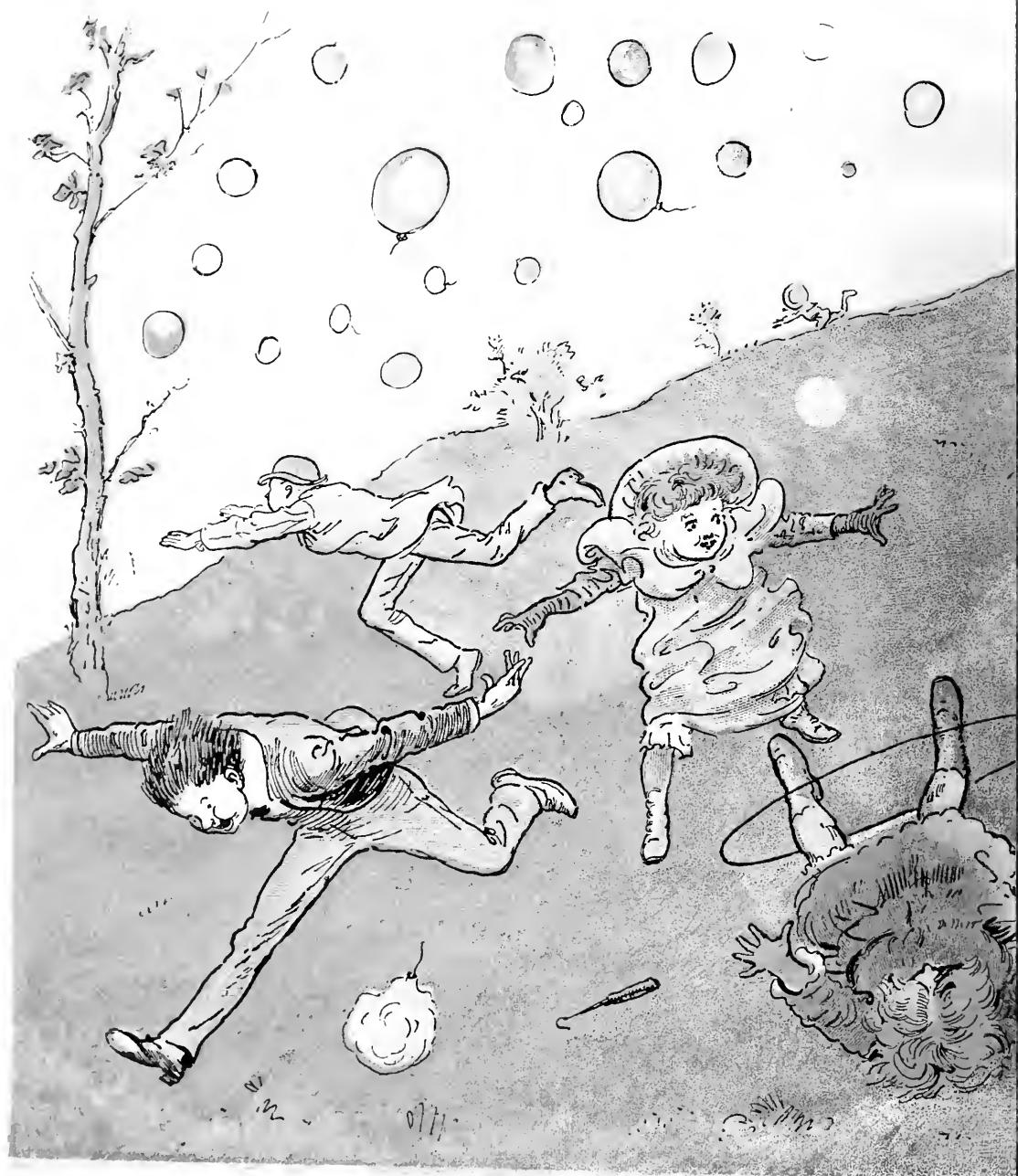
ROMPS ON PRIMROSE HILL.

AIR-BALLOON Jack,
With a load on his back,
Climbing Primrose Hill,
Cried, "Two a penny,
Buy one or many,"
In accents loud and shrill,

When at the top
He had to stop;
For overcome with heat,
His stock in trade
He gently laid
Beside him on a seat.



There came a boy,
Who thought it joy
To set the air-balls free.
He cut the strings,
And gave them wings;
The sequel—turn and see.



ROMPS ON PR

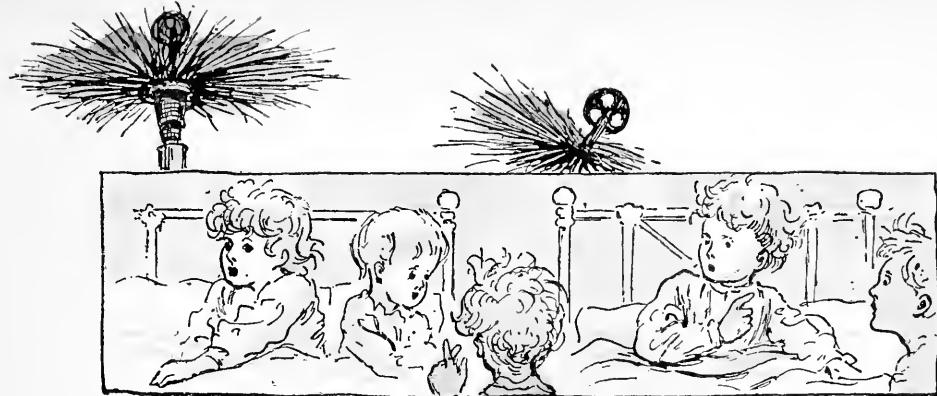


M ROSE HILL.

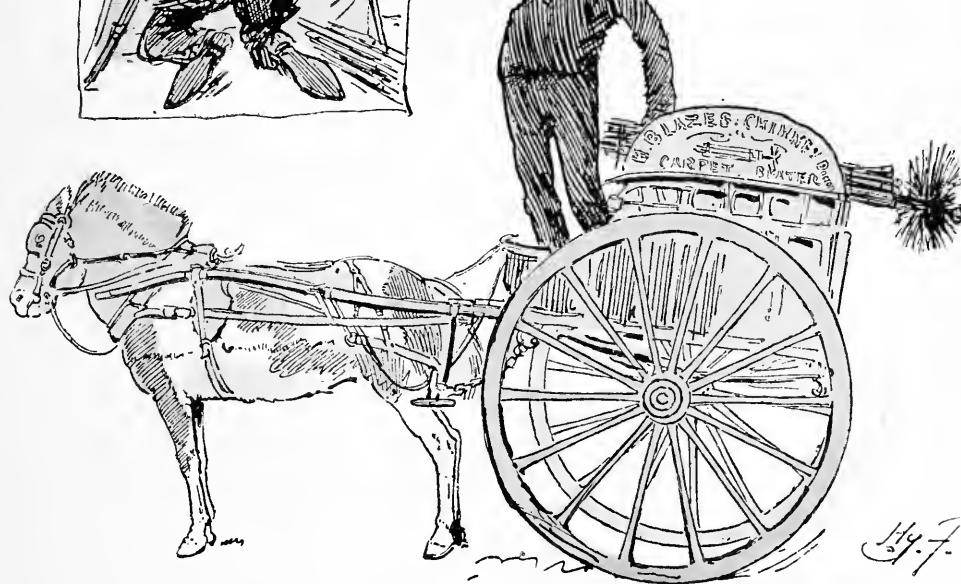
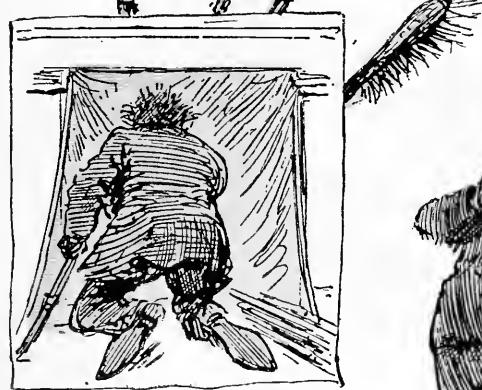


THE SWEEP.

THE Sweep goes out in the morning early,
His cheeks are black, but his teeth are pearly;
His sooty brush on his shoulder swings,
And this is the song that he gaily sings:—



"SWEEP, oh ! Sweep, oh !
Clean your chimneys keep, oh !
For smoky flues
We can't excuse,
Since I will sweep them cheap, oh !"





From Sweeps in love can work be e'er expected?
And so this morn the chimneys are neglected ;
Upon his knees he vainly pleads. " How darc a
Black face like you address me thus?" says Sarah.

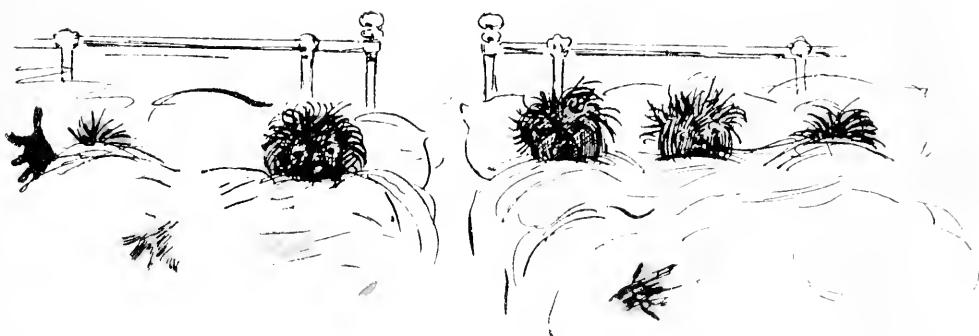
Not altogether idle are the
brushes,

When on the scene Mamma,
in terror, rushes.





From Sarah explanation is demanded,
Upon her back her negligence is branded.



The fiercest storm has always a conclusion,
And peace must follow riot and confusion.
The Sweep, in sorrow, consummates his labours,
The children tell the story to the neighbours.



THE CIRCUS.

FRANKIE'S circus has come to town,
Walk in, walk in, and see the clown;
With horses rare,
And riders fair,
Who tear through air,
And all things dare,



There is no show that can compare
With Frankie's circus, I declare.





BLOW BUBBLE.

BLOW bubble! go bubble!
Up to the sky!
One bubble bursts in
The Butler's eye;
Another bubble breaks on
Papa's bald head,
Bubble-blowers! trouble-blowers
Off to bed!



ROMPS ROUND MR. CRUMP'S PUMP.

SNOWBALLS ! Snowballs ! pelt the village pump
Until it grows with hat and nose, just like old Mr. Crump ;
Snowballs ! snowballs ! pelt away my boys,
The wind may blow and fall the snow, but Winter has its joys.



ROMPS AT THE HALL.

UP at the Hall the sleighs are out, tobogganning's the game,
In health and mirth the children shout, Love warms each little frame;
They skate and slide, they glance and glide, see down the hill they go!
Tobogganning! tobogganning! hurrah for ice and snow.



WE'LL romp and play, and all the day
Have seaside recreations ;
For all we need to well succeed
Are strong imaginations.

ROMPS AT THE SEASIDE.

BY *Harry Furniss*

WITH VERSES BY HORACE LENNARD.

ENGRAVED AND PRINTED BY EDMUND EVANS.



LONDON: GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS,

BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL.

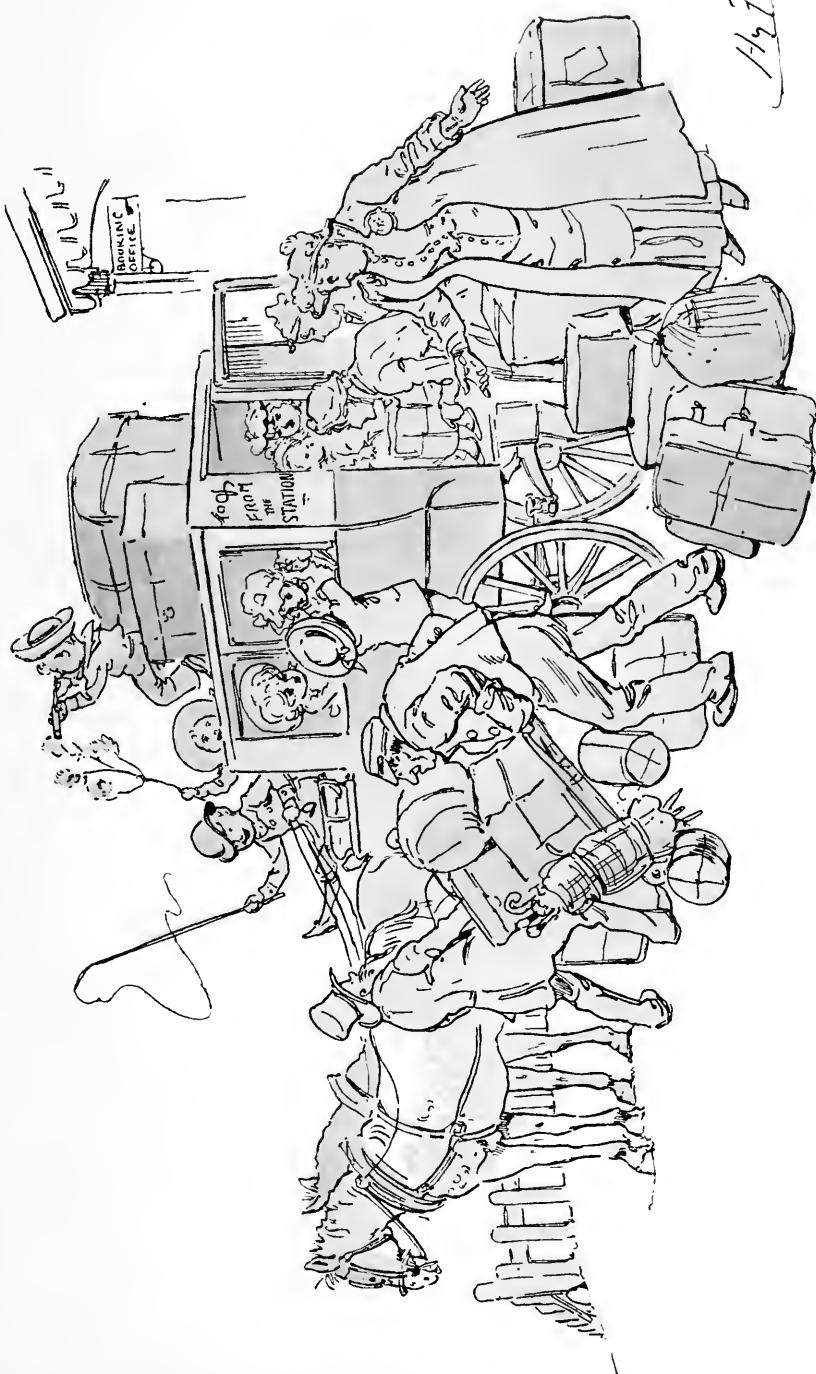
NEW YORK: 9 LAFAYETTE PLACE.



COME for a romp with Neptune!

He is King of the Sea,
Where the lobsters and crabs,
The soles and the dabs,

Dance in the waves with glee.
At his Court there is health,
And his boundless wealth
Of mirth to the world is free.



THE 'BUS IS WAITING AT THE STATION, TO BEAR US 'TO OUR DESTINATION.



THE ARRIVALS.—NEW CLOTHES.

DOWN to the sands,
To baths and bands,
The new arrivals run ;
In clothes so neat,
All new and sweet ;
A picture every one !

AFTER A WEEK.

THE moments fly,
A week rolls by,
Behold a wond'rous change !
In clothes once new
We now can view
A transformation strange !





ROMPS ON THE DOWNS.

CLIMB the cliff,
The hill is stiff,
For that we do not care;
There's joy at the top,
So do not stop
Until we all are there.



THE PIRATES' CAVE.

BENEATH an umbrella
Some mischief is brewing;
I'm sure you can't tell a
Bit what they are doing.
From school the big brother
Has lately arrived,
And some fun or other
At once has contrived.





To his propositions
The children agree,
They modern editions
Of pirates will be.
No longer they tarry,
There's plunder to share:
And captives to carry
Away to their lair.



WITH pistols and daggers
(Of wood they are made,)
Each pirate now swaggers,
Correctly arrayed ;
And all are enraptured,
When down on the rocks,
By force there are captured
Two victims in frocks.



THE PIRATES' CAVE.



THE babes on the morrow
Can nowhere be found;
Their parents, in sorrow,
The crier send round.



A TOUR of inspection
Is made on the shore;
In every direction
The cliffs they explore;
And there with their banners
The pirates are caught,
And back to good manners
Are speedily brought.



THE two little prisoners,
Now being free,
Arrive at home—his an' hers,—
In time for tea.

The others by Thomas
Led off in a train,
Will never, they promise,
Be pirates again.



IT rains! it rains! what shall we do?
If we go out we get wet through;

But never mind, although it pours,
We'll make believe we've sands indoors.

YESTERDAY.



EDSTEAD and box will form the rocks,
A bath will make a boat;

Bathing-machines with chairs and screens
We clearly can denote.



JACK'S RETURN.

HERE'S Jack come back from foreign lands,
A sailor brave and tall;



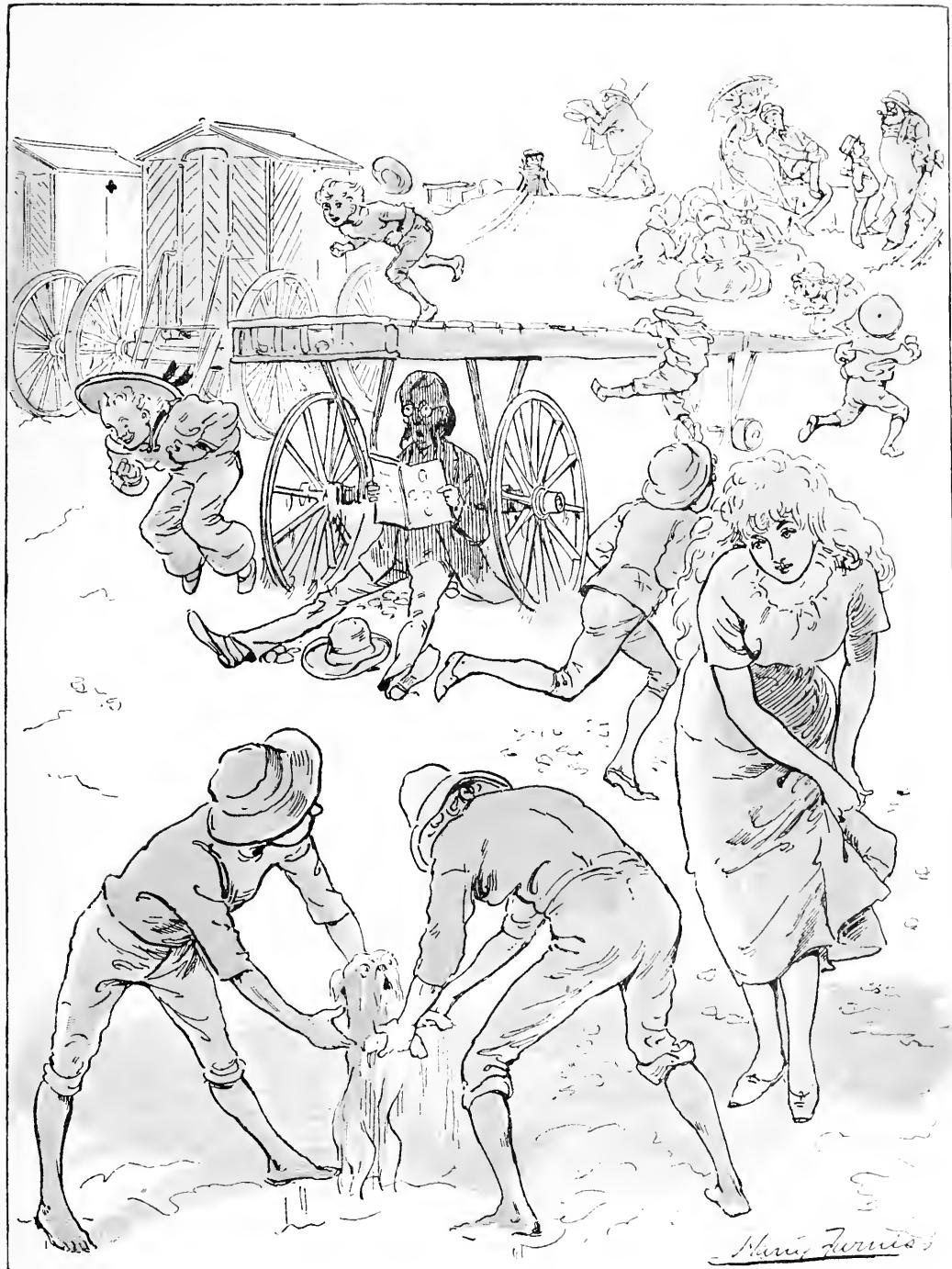
GRACE DARLING.

AND here's the face of little *Grace*,
The *Darling* of us all.



THE FISHWIFE.

“PRETTY little fishwife, tell me, I pray,
Have you any soles that are cheap to-day?”
“Yes, ma’am, these are a shilling a pair;
At such a price no feet should go bare.”



Henry Furniss

ON THE SANDS.



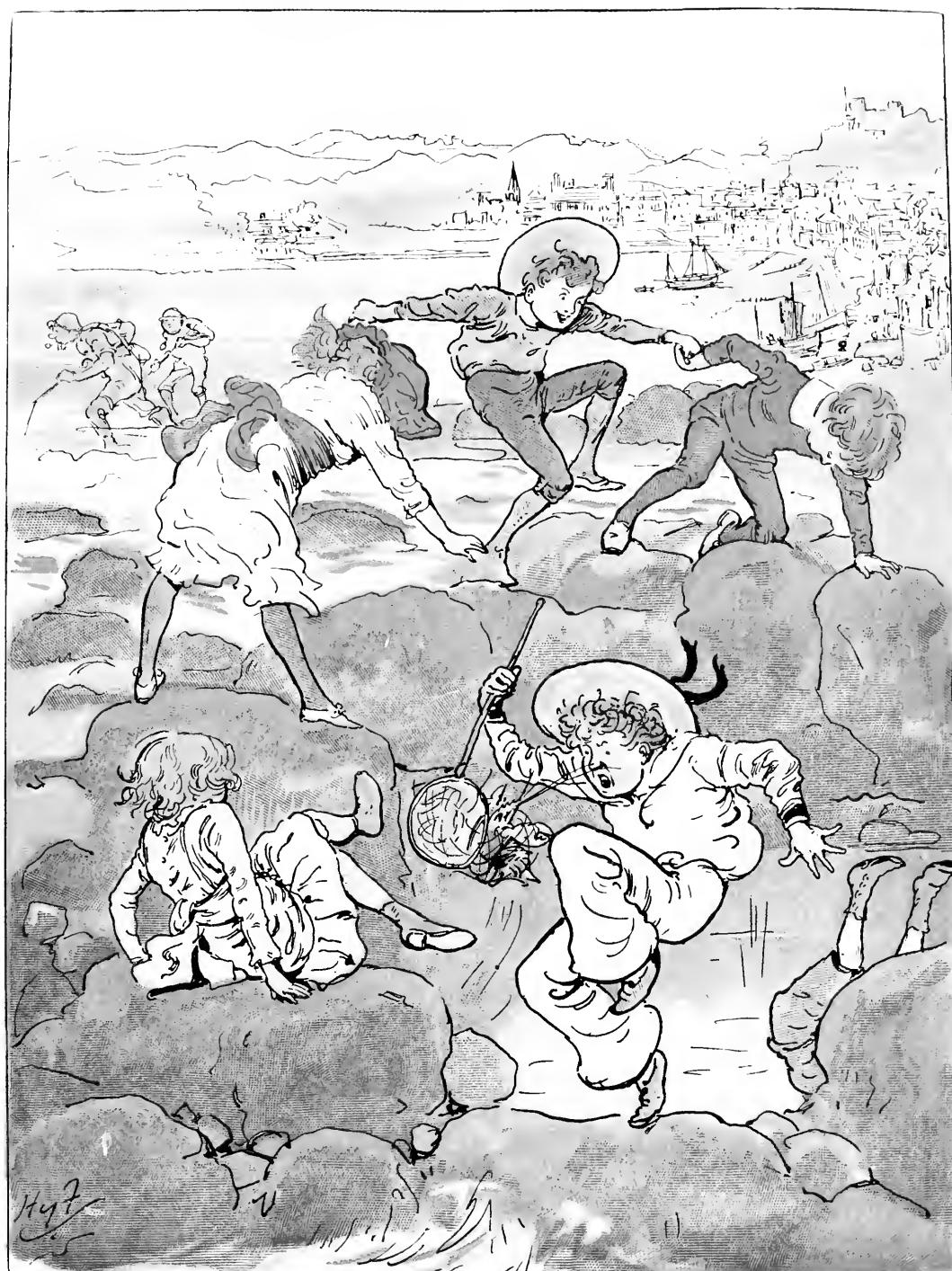
MR. LONG is tall and lean,
Mr. Short is stout;
One morning, as above is seen,
Each chose a separate "machine,"
And for a swim went out.

WHILE they indulged in dives and floats,
Two romps upon the shore
Thought 'twould be fun to change their coats,
And other things they wore.





AT the result the boatman laughed,
And this way they were photographed.



A ROMP ON THE ROCKS.

ROMPING on the rocks,

Slipping as we climb,

Laughter danger mocks,

What a merry time!

Now, join hands, and jump around,

O'er the boulders leap and bound,

Skipping

Slipping,

Oh! what fun!

Stumble,

Tumble,

Every one!





OUT we get,
Dripping wet,
Clothes all shrunk and shrinking ;
Off they come,
Lips are dumb,
Spirits all are sinking.



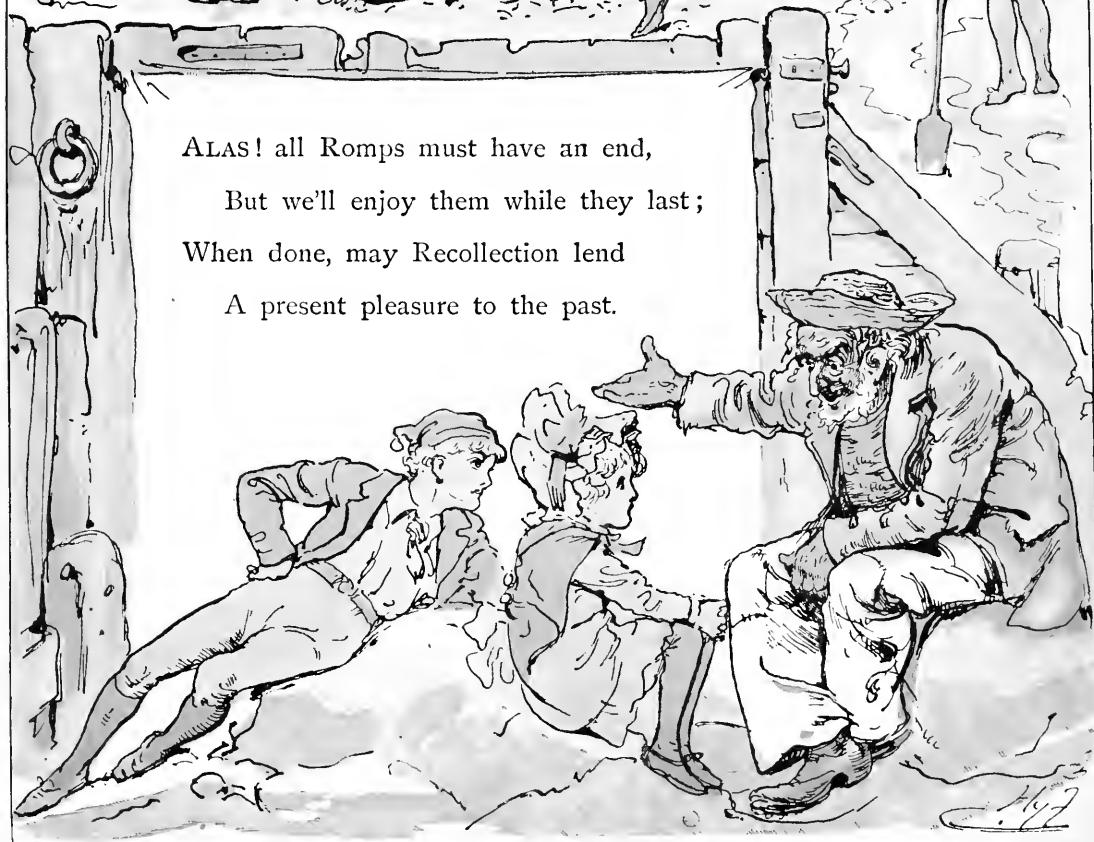
HANG the garments out to dry,



Pa will fetch us by-and-by.



ALAS! all Romps must have an end,
But we'll enjoy them while they last;
When done, may Recollection lend
A present pleasure to the past.



Part

AUG 19 1954

